SATANS ANAL BULL WHIP

2.95 MANIC D PRESS

TESTOSTERONE LADEN TALES OF LONELY GUYS!

ADULTS ONLY!

Artist Jim Todd: Sex, drugs and rock-n-roll

SATANS ANAL BULL WHIP!

YEP, HERE IT IS

WHAT DOES S.A.B HAVE TO DO WITH ANYTHING? NOTHING... ONLY WHAT YOU WANT TO MAKE OUT OF IT. AND WHO IS OUR S.A.B? THE CHARMING KISSER OF RICKY RICKY WAS A YOUTH WHO CONSUMED DRUGS HE HAD "SPECIAL POWERS" GIVEN TO HIM FROM HIS MASTER, SATAN.

COVER CHILD OF THE MONTH? WHY, ITS KASSO "THE ACID KING OF NORTHPOINT." AT AN INCREDIBLE RATE AND BELIEVED

WELL, RICKY IN HIS REGULAR WHITE TRASH, HEAVY METAL LIFESTYLE ENDED UP IN THE WOODS, HIGH ON PCP, CRANKING OZZY "BARK AT THE MOON", SITTING AROUND THE FIRE WITH HIS DRUG-MOOCHING BUDDIES WHO WOULD ENDURE HIS SATANIC LORE KNOWING THEY WOULD GET HIGH.

ONE OF THE FRIENDS HAD TAKEN 10 PACKETS OF PCP FROM RICKEY AT A PARTY WHEN RICKEY WAS PASSED OUT. BUT SOMEONE SAW HIM AND TOLD RICKEY. FOR 3 WEEKS RICKY WOULD HASSLE GARY LAUER. BUT FINALLY, THAT NIGHT, BYGONES BE BYGONES. THEY WERE ALL PARTYING.

BUT GARY, AFTER NOT PROFESSING HIS LOVE TO SATAN FOR RICKY, GOT STABBED.

RICKY: "SAY YOU LOVE SATAN! GARY: "WAH! I LOVE MY MOM!" STAB! REPEAT! — REPEAT!

WHOA! TIME TO GO BACK TO PARTYING. THE OTHER TWO GUYS WITH RICKY SMOKED SOME DOPE. GARY'S BODY JERKS UP! RICKY'S PCP BRAIN FREAKS OUT AND HE STABS GARY'S FACE 22 TIMES

RICKY AND ONE OF HIS BUDDIES OF THE ANTICHRIST WERE ARRESTED SOON AFTER SLEEPING IN A STOLEN CAR OUTSIDE THEIR FORMER H.S.. WHERE THEY WERE SELLING DRUGS, AT 7 A.M.

RICKY KILLED HIMSELF IMMEDIATELY ONCE IN JAIL, KNOWING HE WOULD MEET HIS LORD OF DARKNESS AND BE BLESSED IN HELL OR WHATEVER AND FELT HE WAS OUTWITTING EVERYBODY.

IF YOU CARE TO READ A FUNNY BOOK, READ "SAY YOU LOVE SATAN" BY DAVID ST. CLAIR

I MET SOMEONE WHO KNEW HIM IN THE YEARS OF PRODUCING THIS... THING.

"RICKY WAS A HARDCORE UNIT. IN THE DAYS I KNEW HIM HE WAS A FAIRLY GOOD NATURED DUSTHEAD. THE ONLY ADVICE I WAS GIVEN ABOUT HIM WAS NEVER SMOKE OFF HIS JOINTS, HE WOULD HANG AROUND THE FIRE AND SMOKE DUST AND BE RUDE TO RICH GIRLS. HE WAS JUST THE WIDEEYED, WHITE TRASH FROM DOWN THE ROAD." (NUFF SAID) T.T 87-88 LONG ISLAND SCENE

THIS COMIC IS IN MEMORY OF K. MILLHOUSE & M. PAYDN,

THANKS AND THIS COMIC COULDN'T HAVE BEEN DONE — MY FAMILY, TAZ LIZAK, DALE, CHRIS, JON, MARK PEACE, BO-B., KAI, BONES, MAX, BRENT, SASHA-LILY, JOHN, MIKE (THOM), MARC, TOM, PAM, CINDY, ERIC, FRENCHY, NINA, MIKE, ALAN, BARRY, NICK, CHERYL, AND MANY MORE ESPECIALLY ALL OF YOU WOMEN WHO MAKE ART HARD TO CONCENTRATE ON.

NO THANKS TO THOSE WHO FIRE
THOSE WHO DONT HIRE
WOMEN WHO CRUSH MY HEART
PEOPLE WHO ACT SUPERIOR ON ART
AND ALL YOU OTHER
MOTHER-FUCKERS WHO
HAVE TRIED TO RUN ME
INTO THE GROUND, AT
ONE TIME OR ANOTHER?
YOU KNOW WHO YOU ARE
YOU CAN RUN BUT
YOU CANT HIDE!
JIM TODD

HIP BONES

WRITTEN BY J. LONGHI
DRAWN BY JIM TODD

GOD WE HUMPED FOR DAYS. TWO MINDLESS FUCK MONKEYS GOING AT IT LIKE WE'D JUST DISCOVERED THE REAL SECRET OF EVOLUTION.
WEEKS WENT BY. WE DIDN'T GET OUT OF BED. HAVING PIZZA AND DRINKS DELIVERED IN. OUR FRIENDS AND JOBS DRIFTING AWAY WHILE WE JUST KEPT SCREWING.
ONE BURP XL SPECIAL 6-PACK OF JOLT AND A BOX OF TROJANS
BURP PIZZA
SWIMMING THROUGH THE SUBMARINE DEPTHS OF FLESH, OCCASIONALLY RISING UP TO THE FLANNEL SHEETS ON THE SURFACE
FOR A GASP OF AIR AND A GLANCE AT THE WINDOW TO SEE IF IT WAS NIGHT OR DAY.
AND THEN WE'D GO DOWN AGAIN INTO THAT PERFECT RHYTHM EVENTUALLY THERE WASN'T ENOUGH TIME TO EAT. AND WE WASTED AWAY WHILE THE WORLD FELL DOWN AROUND US. BUT WE DIDN'T CARE CAUSE THERE WAS ONLY THAT THING.
ONCE WE'D ERODED AWAY OUR GENITALS, MUSCLES AND SKIN, THERE WERE JUST TWO SEXUAL SKELETONS BANGING THEIR BONES IN A WILD PERCUSSIVE JAM. TILL FEMURS AND HAND JOINTS RATTLED CROSS THE FLOOR.
TWO YEARS LATER, WHEN OUR FRIENDS CAME TO LOOK FOR US, ALL THEY FOUND WAS THE BROKEN BED. IN ITS CENTER, TWO BATTERED HIP BONES WERE STILL LIGHTLY TAPPING AGAINST EACH OTHER.

ADDITIONAL COPIES BY MAIL: $2 + $1 POSTAGE. INCLUDE AGE STATEMENT OF 18 YEARS OR OLDER, AVAILABLE FROM: MANIC D PRESS / BOX 410804 / SAN FRANCISCO CA 94141

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HIGH SCHOOL

FOOTBALL FUN Pt. ONE

ONE OF MY FAVORITE PARTS OF HIGH SCHOOL WAS FOOTBALL. FOOTBALL LIKE ALL H.S ACTIVITIES HAS ITS OWN SOCIAL SCENARIOS.

THIS HERE IS THE SCHOOL I PLAYED FOR, HELLGATE. IT'S TRUE, H-E-L-L-G-A-T-E HIGH. ALTHOUGH WE DIDN'T HAVE OUR OWN FIELD, NEVER HAD A CHAMPIONSHIP TEAM, BUT I STILL HAD A GREAT TIME SMASHING HEADS AND RUINING MY BODY FOR THE "KNIGHTS!"

THE ONLY PEOPLE THAT WERE INTERESTED IN ANY OF OUR GAMES WERE, 1) THE "PARTIERS" THE IN CROWD GUYS & GIRLS WHO WENT TO GAMES TO DRINK AND SCORE DATES.

2) CHEERLEADERS & THE SCHOOLS OWN SPECIAL HALF-TIME DANCING GIRLS, THE VALKYRIES! mmmm.....

AND THE JOCKS FROM OTHER H.S SPORTS. THEY MOVED IN BIG GROUPS JUST IN CASE THEY HAD TO PLAY 6 on 1.

"COOL DUDE"

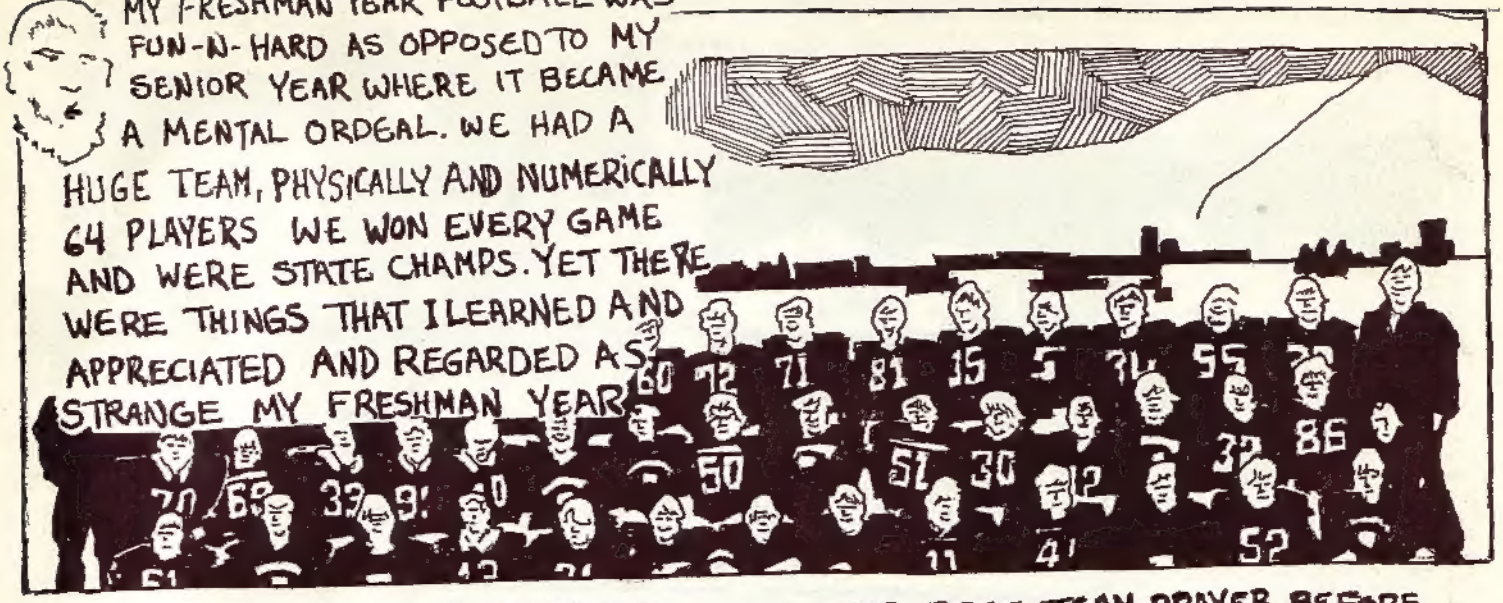
UNCOOL DUDE

NICE THREADS MELVILLE!

ASS-HOLE!

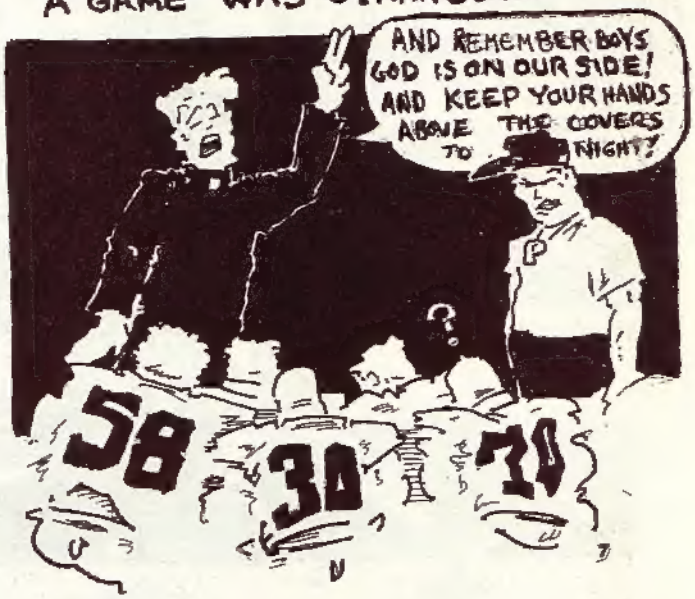
AND THEN THERE WERE THOSE STUDENTS WHO HATED OR HAD NO INTEREST IN FOOTBALL.
THEY WERE MAINLY TWO GROUPS, THE BRAINS & BAND FAGS, AND THEN "DIRT-HEADS". i.e. HEAVY METAL POT SMOKING, WOOD SHOP TYPES. BOTH GROUPS SEEMED TO RESENT THE JOCKS FOR THE SPECIAL PRIVILEGES THEY RECIEVED FOR BEING ATHLETES. GRANTED THE BRAINS" GOT SOME RESPECT FOR G.P.A.'S
AND THE "DIRTHEADS RECIEVED NO RESPECT FOR ANYTHING EXCEPT FAST CARS-N-GOOD POT
FUCK YOU !
I USED TO HATE FOOTBALL NO CARTOONS ON SUNDAY. JUST A BUNCH OF GOYS RUNNING AROUND FOR A COUPLE OF SECONDS & THEN RESTING FOR 3 MIN.
MY PARENTS ARE GOY'S PEOPLE SO NO ONE EVER WATCHED SPORTS IN OUR HOUSE, ANYWAYS.
CLICK! CLICK!
AND THEN IN GRADE SCHOOL, I FOUND OUT WHILE PLAYING FLAG FOOTBALL THAT I COULD RELEASE AGGRESSION BY SUPPORTING MY SCHOOL IN BATTLE AGAINST SOME NON DESCRIPT ENEMY.
AND AFTER MY FRESHMAN YEAR, WHICH JUST CONFIRMED MY PHILOSOPHY THAT AS LONG AS I COULD BEAT THE SHIT OUT OF ANYONE ACROSS FROM ME, I COULD PLAY. I WAS DEVELOPING A BAD ATTITUDE.
HEY DID'JA EVER THINK ABOUT COLLEGE BALL ?!

MY FRESHMAN YEAR FOOTBALL WAS FUN-N-HARD AS OPPOSED TO MY SENIOR YEAR WHERE IT BECAME A MENTAL ORDEAL. WE HAD A HUGE TEAM, PHYSICALLY AND NUMERICALLY 64 PLAYERS WE WON EVERY GAME AND WERE STATE CHAMPS. YET THERE WERE THINGS THAT I LEARNED AND APPRECIATED AND REGARDED AS STRANGE MY FRESHMAN YEAR

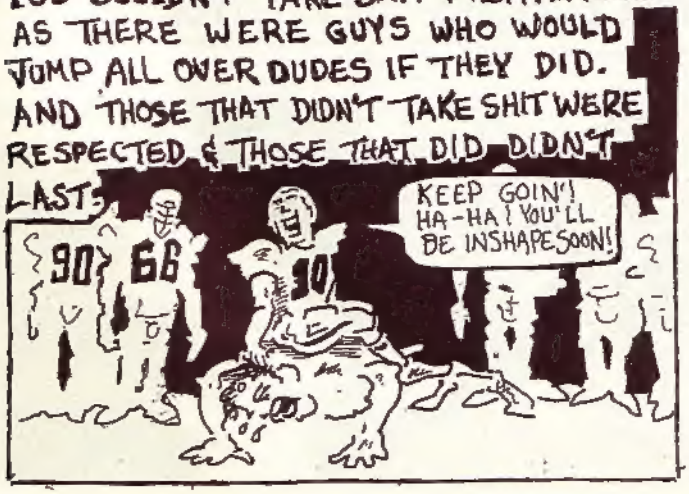


GUYS WHO FELL DOWN, UNCONSCIOUS DUE TO HEAT EXERTION OR INJURIES WERE REGARDED BY ALL AS "PUSSIES" AND INSTEAD OF DEALING WITH THE PLAYER, THE WHOLE PRACTICE MOVED AWAY TO CONTINUE PRACTICE WHILE THE TRAINERS DRAGGED THE INJURED TO THE BUS.

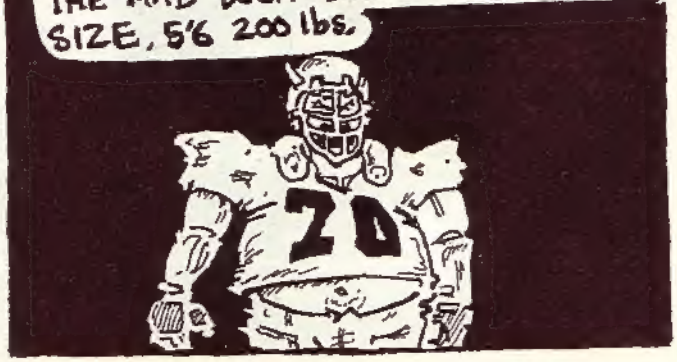
THE FIRST TEAM PRAYER BEFORE A GAME WAS STRANGE...



THERE WAS ALSO THE FACT THAT YOU COULDN'T TAKE SHIT FROM ANYONE AS THERE WERE GUYS WHO WOULD JUMP ALL OVER DUDES IF THEY DID. AND THOSE THAT DIDN'T TAKE SHIT WERE RESPECTED & THOSE THAT DID DIDN'T LAST.



I LEARNED THAT WINNING FELT GREAT AND WITH WINNING ONE COULD PLAY THEIR OWN GAME WITHIN THE TEAMS. WE WERE A MACHINE. BECAUSE OF OUR WINNING I COULD CHEAT. I WAS NICKNAMED THE "MAD DUCK" DUE TO MY NATURE AND SIZE, 5'6 200 lbs.



FOOTBALL IS BEING AT THE FIELD, 7:00 A.M., WHILE YOUR COHORTS REMAIN IN BED WITH TWO WEEKS OF VACATION STILL TO GO, NOT YOU, SUCKER!

STRETCHING....

WARM-UPS

TEMP 57°

THEN INDIVIDUAL GROUPS! WHICH MEANS FOR ME, BEING A LINEMAN 2 HOURS OF LEARNING HOW TO HIT PEOPLE

WITH SLEDS

WITH PEOPLE

TEMP. 85°

TIME TO VOMIT BREAKFAST

C'MON! C'MON! FAT-ASS!

PUKE!

THEN TEAM OFFENSE

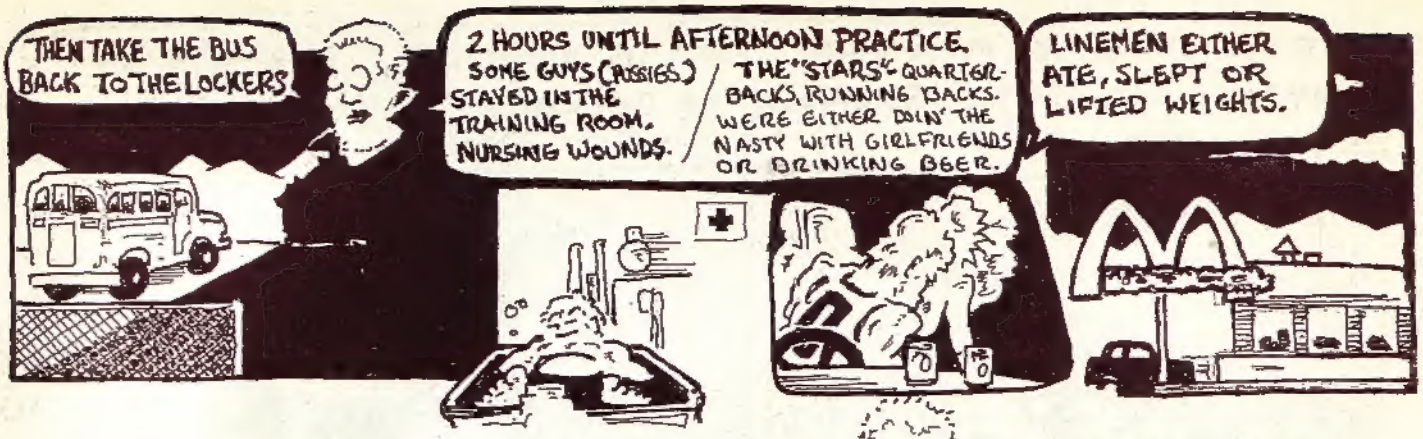
TEAM DEFENSE

CONDITIONING

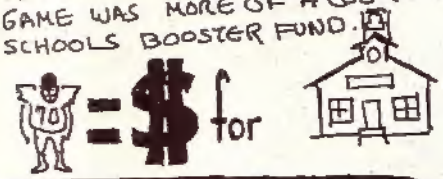
MY HIGHSCHOOL FOOTBALL HAIRCUT, NICE HUH!? (ITS AN "H" FOR HELLGATE OF COURSE.

TEMP 103°

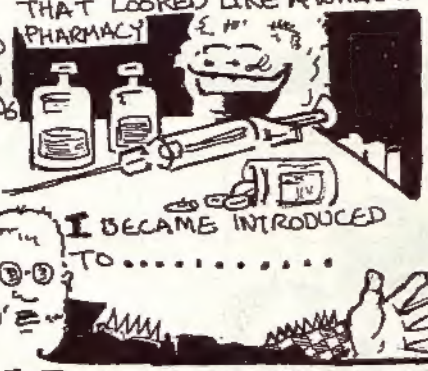
RUN IT 20 TIMES


THEN TAKE THE BUS BACK TO THE LOCKERS
2 HOURS UNTIL AFTERNOON PRACTICE. SOME GUYS (PUSSIES) STAYED IN THE TRAINING ROOM. NURSING WOUNDS.
THE "STARS" - QUARTERBACKS, RUNNING BACKS. WERE EITHER DOIN' THE NASTY WITH GIRLFRIENDS OR DRINKING BEER.
LINEMEN EITHER ATE, SLEPT OR LIFTED WEIGHTS.

AND THEN WE REPEATED THE WHOLE MORNING SCHEDULE UNTIL 6:00. THEN WE WERE FREE UNTIL 6:30 THE NEXT DAY. THIS WENT ON FOR 2 WEEKS UNTIL SCHOOL STARTED. THEN WE JUST PRACTICED EVERYDAY AFTER SCHOOL. I DID THIS FOR 3 YEARS BUT NOT WITH THE SAME AMOUNT OF ZEAL MY LAST YEAR AS OPPOSED TO MY FIRST. I BEGAN TO GET FED UP WITH SOME OF THE DE-HUMANIZING ASPECTS OF THE "GAME". AND HOW THE GAME WAS MORE OF A COG IN THE SCHOOLS BOOSTER FUND.



BUT THEN THERE WERE SOME THINGS I LIKED. BEING BIG! PLAYING ON THE LINE. I HAD TO LIFT WEIGHTS & EAT ALOT. AND DUE TO A FRIEND OF MINES BROTHER HAVING A CLOSET THAT LOOKED LIKE A WALK-IN PHARMACY



I BECAME INTRODUCED TO.....

STEROIDS

THEY MAKE YOU BIG, MAKE YOU LIFT MAKE YOU EAT, GIVE YOU ZITS, GET YOU PISSED OFF ALL THE TIME. I PUT ON 25 lbs. MY BENCH WENT UP 75 lbs, MY SQUAT 65 lbs. IN 6 WEEKS. THANKS TO MR. DIANABOL.

WHY DID I RISK MY HEALTH? I DID IT TO GET BIGGER. C'MON THIS IS AMERICA. BIGGER IS BETTER! I DID IT SO NO ONE IN THE STATE WOULD BEAT ME "ONE ON ONE" IN GAMES. I LIKED TO LET THE OTHER GUY ACROSS FROM ME KNOW THAT NO MATTER IF MY TEAM WON OR LOST, FOR 60 MINUTES I WAS GONNA BE BEATIN' HIS HEAD LIKE A DRUM. AND I HAD NO QUALMS ABOUT CHEATING. STOMP ON HANDS, PUNCHING UNDER THE FACE MASK RIGHT OFF THE SNAP. YOU DO IT RIGHT AND YOU CAN KNOCK HIS HELMET RIGHT OFF! ABOUT THE 3RD TIME YOU USUALLY START TO KNOCK HIM A LITTLE DINGY.

I WAS A DIRTY PLAYER. CONRAD DOBLER AND JACK TATUM WERE MY IDOLS. I LEARNED THAT INTIMIDATION COULD TURN THE TIDE. AND TAKING AN OPPOSING STARTER OUT OF A GAME WITH AN INJURY IS ALWAYS GOOD. HERE ARE FOUR STANDARDS FOR ALL BEGINNERS...

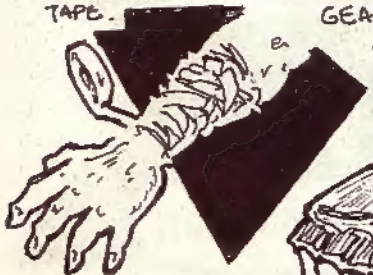
GOUGING EYES

1

KNEEING

2

TRICK #1 FIRST ALUMINUM FOIL THEN TONS OF TAPE.



THEN THE PADS. SHIN PADS, HOCKEY GEAR....

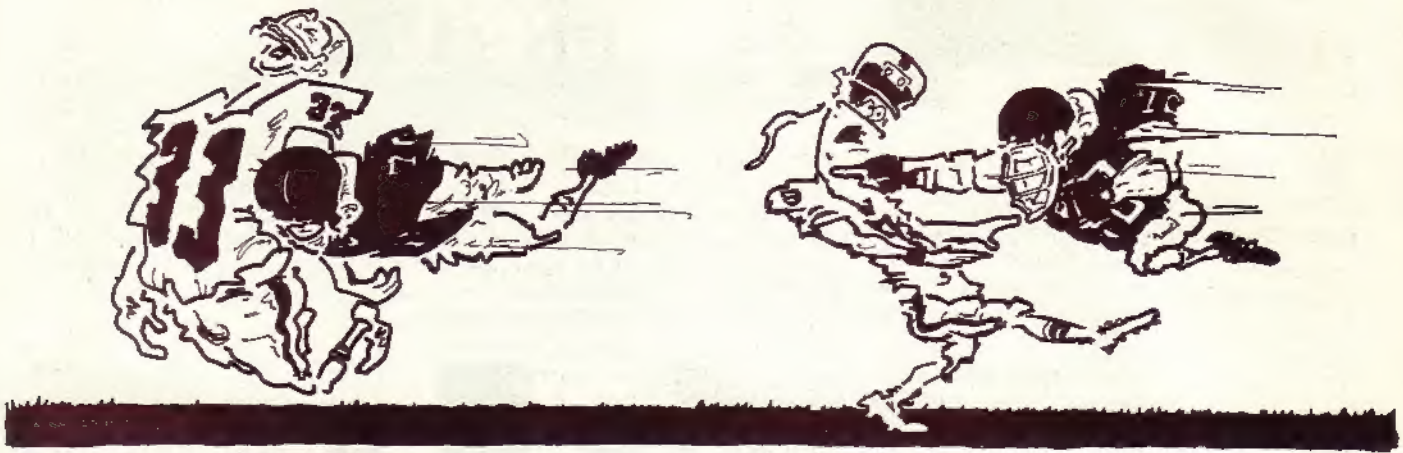
3

THROWING DIRT IN AN OPPONENTS FACE

4

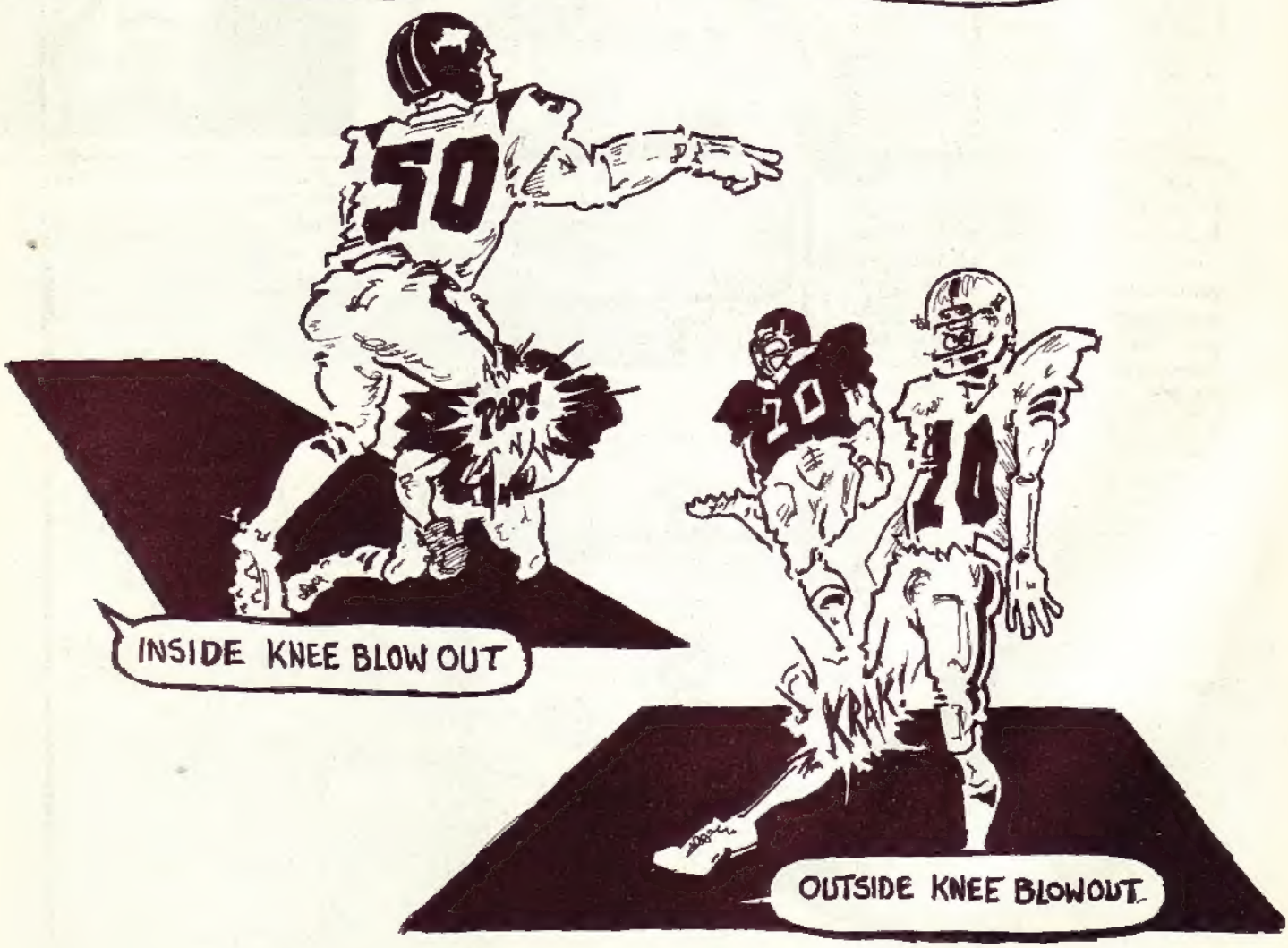
AND PLAIN OLD FIGHTS

I HAD THREE OR FOUR GOOD CRIPPLER MOVES THAT I PRACTICED ON MY OWN AND BY THE BEGINNING OF THE SEASON HAD DOWN TO A FINE-HONED EDGE.



SPEAR CLIPPING

THROAT JAM



INSIDE KNEE BLOW OUT

OUTSIDE KNEE BLOWOUT

TO BE CONTINUED....

BY JIM TODD

FLUSH THE TOILET!

HEY, WHAT THE HELL? YOU DIDNT FUCKIN FLUSH THE THE TOILET! YOU'RE NOT DRIVING MY CAR!!
ALLRIGHT WHATEVER YOU SAY...
DON'T GET SMART WITH ME! YOU CAN FUCKIN' WALK TO WORK FOR ALL I CARE... OR ADMIT YOU'RE WRONG.....
I CAN NEVER ADMIT I'M WRONG NOW!
I DON'T CARE, I'LL WALK TO WORK!
HOW AM I GOING TO WALK 7 MILES IN AN HOUR TO GET TO WORK?! OH, WELL. AT LEAST I'M HIGH! MAYBE I'LL GET A LIFT.
RIDE?
JERKS! WOW TWO OLD PEOPLE WALKING AT 7 A.M.

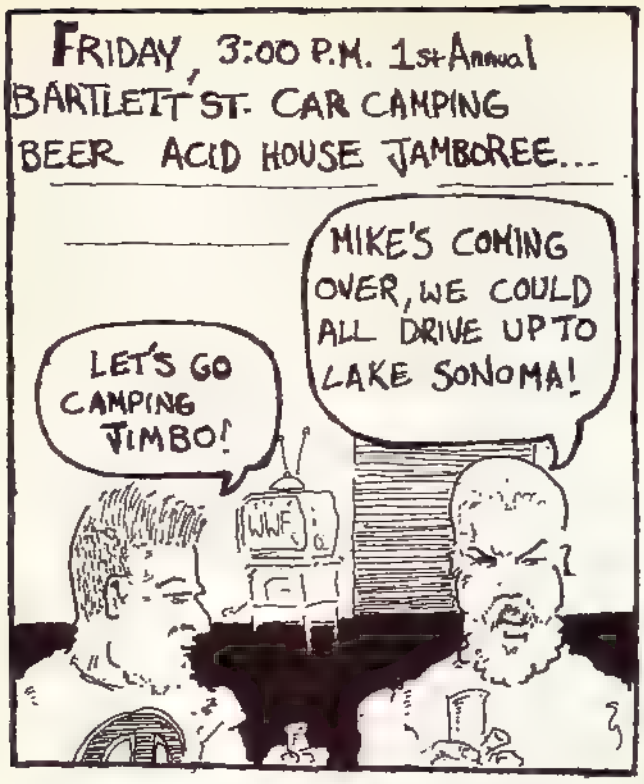
BOY, AM I GONNA' FREAK OUT THESE OLD DUDES! THEY'LL THINK I'M SOME CRAZED, NEANDERTHAL SATAN WORSHIPPER!
Heh! Heh!

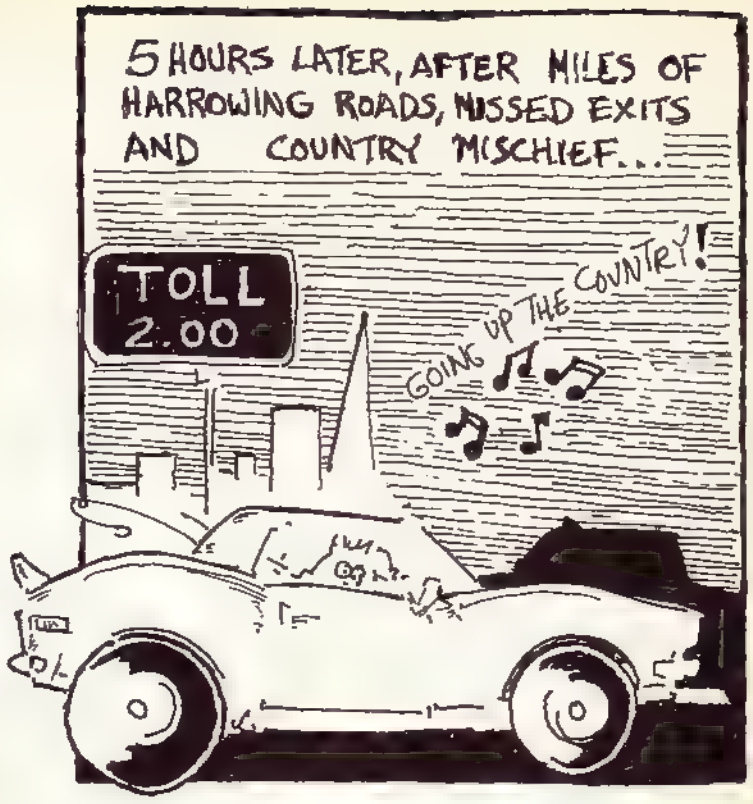
BANG!
BANG!

THE END

SUMMER TRIP!

STORY BY TAJ
ART BY TJT


FRIDAY, 3:00 P.M. 1st Annual BARTLETT ST. CAR CAMPING BEER ACID HOUSE JAMBOREE...
LET'S GO CAMPING JIMBO!
MIKE'S COMING OVER, WE COULD ALL DRIVE UP TO LAKE SONOMA!
WWF


5 HOURS LATER, AFTER MILES OF HARROWING ROADS, MISSED EXITS AND COUNTRY MISCHIEF...
TOLL 2.00
GOING UP THE COUNTRY!

WE ARRIVED AT OUR CAMPSITE...
PARK OVER HERE! WE GOT 500 BEERS AND OUR COOLER,
SANTA ROSA 10
BEER

WE SETTLED IN.....
I'M MOOSE! DO Y'ALL WANT SOME SCHLITZ?
FUCK OFF.

JIM PASSED THE TIME WITH FUN-N-GAMES
DUCK-DUCK-DUCK-DUCK-GOOSE! YUK YUK!
LET'S DOSE DUDE!
DEER

TIME FOR THE WATER AND SOME SUN. JIM FLEXES AT THE SPEED BOATS.
FUCK YOU GUYS!

I DIDNT GO IN THE WATER, TOO MUCH ACID, TOO MANY DRUNK RED NECKS IN JETBOATS.
ROAR!
FUCK ME, MY BOAT STUD!
COOL BOAT
YEP.
327?
38DD

BACK TO BASE, WHERE WE CONSUMED MORE DOSE JUICE (WHICH CONSISTED OF O.J., WINE AND 10 SUGAR CUBES, FULLY DOSED.)

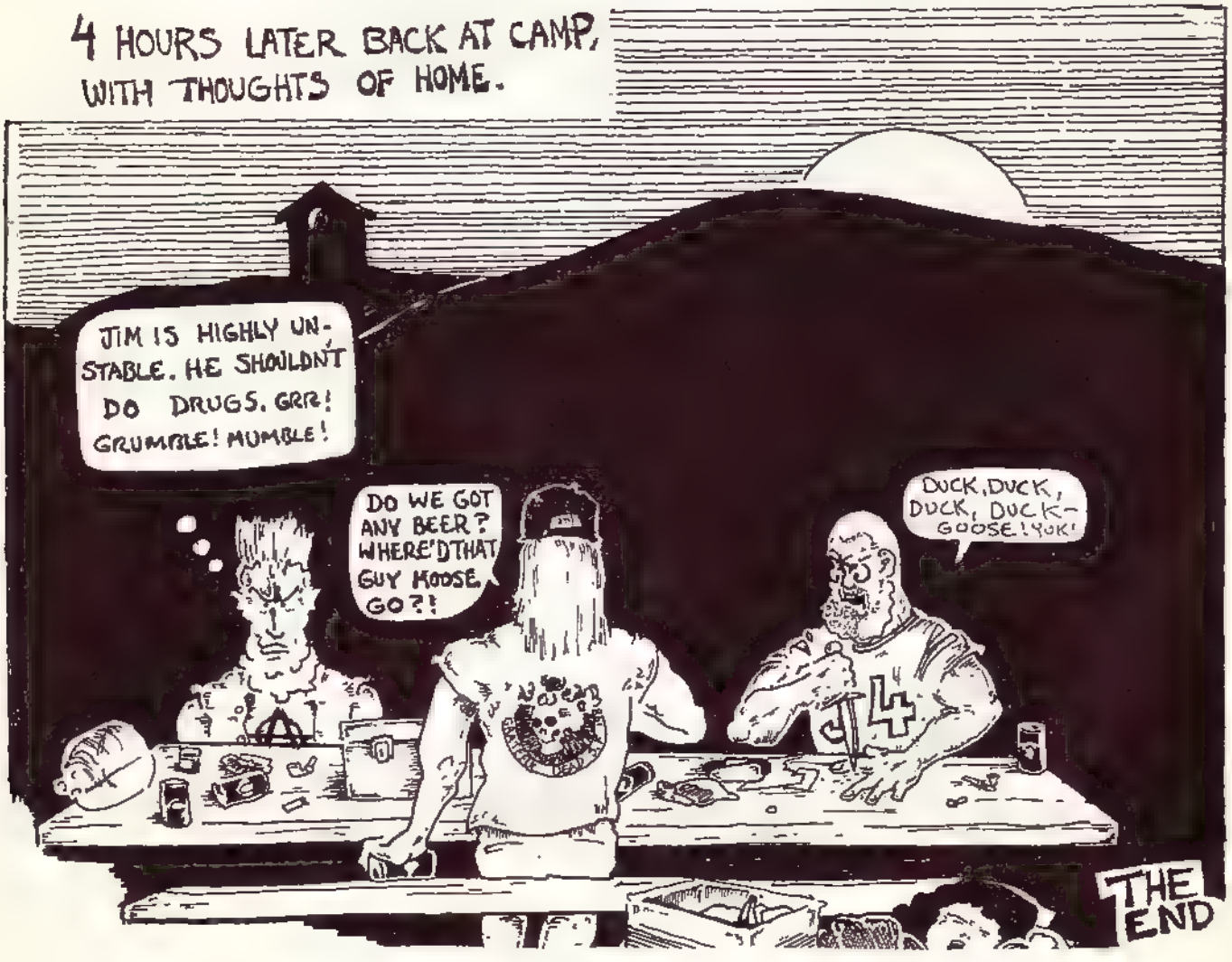
WE HAVE TO LEAVE BASE L.S.D ANXIETY-PARANOIA

SO BEGINS THE MOONLIGHT ESCAPADE...

I THINK THERE'S A ROAD DOWN THIS CLIFF. ITS ONLY A THOUSAND FEET OR SO. C'MON YOU GUYS!
GO FOR IT, IDIOT!
WHOA!
CLONK!
A RAT! HELP ME!

GIANT RATS!
ITS JUST A FUCKIN ROCK. GEEZ!

KEEP IT AWAY! IT'S EVIL! POSSESED!
CHILL DUDE.

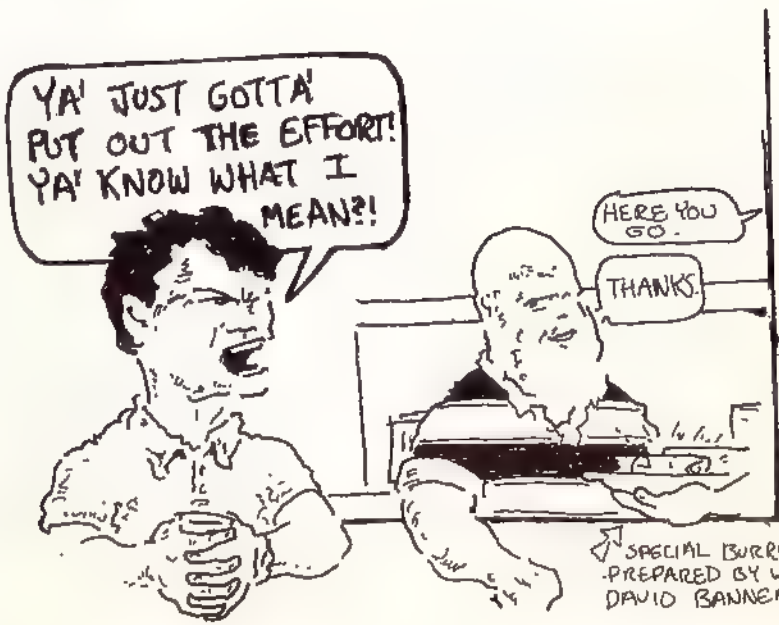

4 HOURS LATER BACK AT CAMP, WITH THOUGHTS OF HOME.
JIM IS HIGHLY UN-STABLE. HE SHOULDNT DO DRUGS. GRR! GRUMBLE! MUMBLE!
DO WE GOT ANY BEER? WHERE'D THAT GUY MOOSE GO?!
DUCK, DUCK, DUCK, DUCK-GOOSE! YUK!
THE END

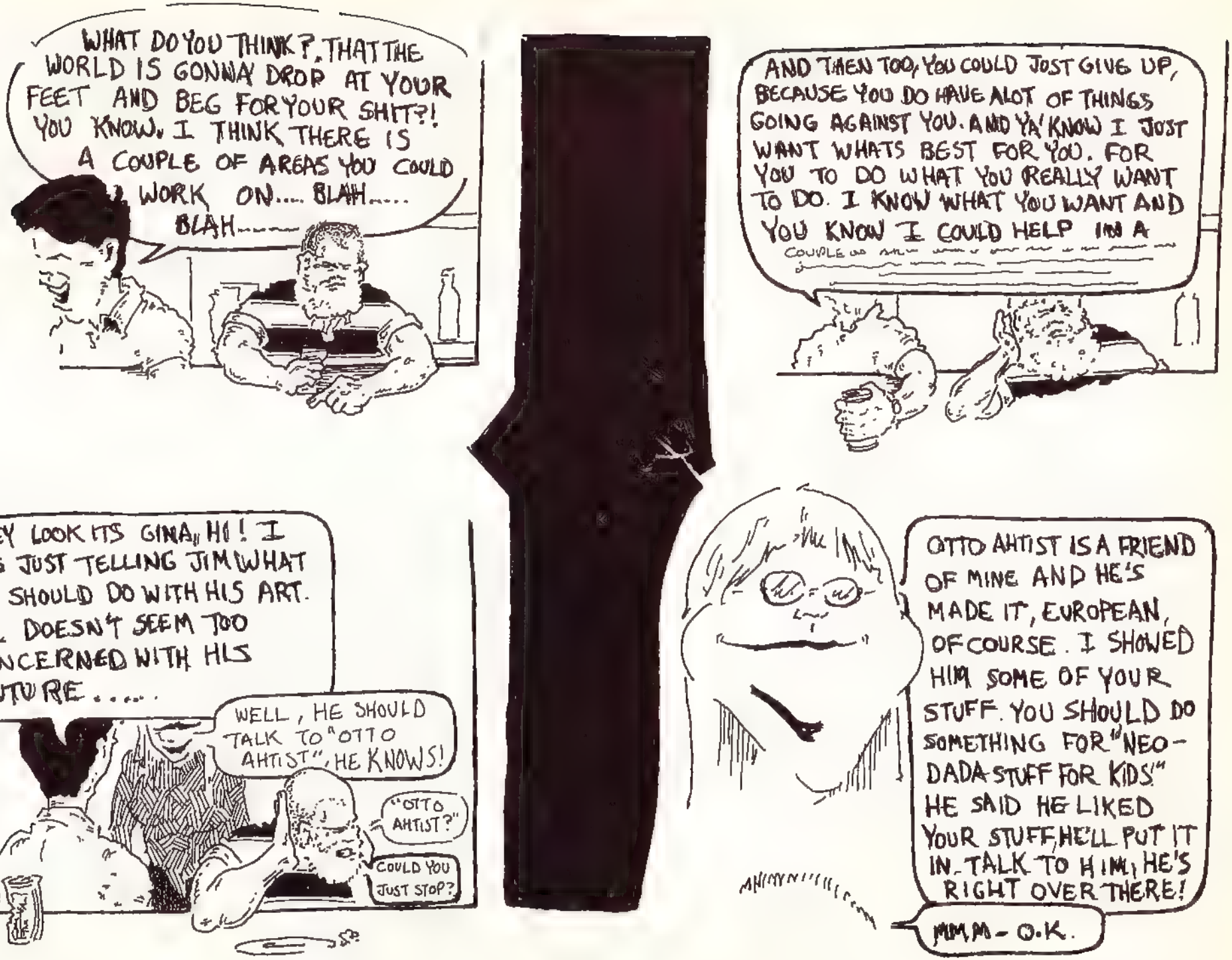
ADVICE

HEY YOU KNOW WHAT YOU SHOULD DO? LET METELLYA!

YOU COULD BE THE BEST..BUT YA' KNOW,
UH-HUH ONE!

YOU DON'T PUT OUT THE EFFORT.. LAZY, AND AFRAID OF YOUR OWN SUCCESS. THE MORE YOU PUT OUT THE MORE YOU GET BACK. THE SQUEAKY WHEEL GETS THE OIL.. AND..


YA' JUST GOTTA' PUT OUT THE EFFORT! YA' KNOW WHAT I MEAN?!
HERE YOU GO.
THANKS!
SPECIAL BURRITO -PREPARED BY WANDERER DAVID BANNER


WHAT DO YOU THINK? THAT THE WORLD IS GONNA DROP AT YOUR FEET AND BEG FOR YOUR SHIT?! YOU KNOW, I THINK THERE IS A COUPLE OF AREAS YOU COULD WORK ON.... BLAH.... BLAH.....
AND THEN TOO, YOU COULD JUST GIVE UP, BECAUSE YOU DO HAVE ALOT OF THINGS GOING AGAINST YOU. AND YA' KNOW I JUST WANT WHATS BEST FOR YOU. FOR YOU TO DO WHAT YOU REALLY WANT TO DO. I KNOW WHAT YOU WANT AND YOU KNOW I COULD HELP IN A COUPLE OF
HEY LOOK ITS GINA, HI! I WAS JUST TELLING JIM WHAT HE SHOULD DO WITH HIS ART. HE DOESN'T SEEM TOO CONCERNED WITH HIS FUTURE.....
WELL, HE SHOULD TALK TO "OTTO AHTIST", HE KNOWS!
"OTTO AHTIST?"
COULD YOU JUST STOP?
OTTO AHTIST IS A FRIEND OF MINE AND HE'S MADE IT, EUROPEAN, OF COURSE. I SHOWED HIM SOME OF YOUR STUFF. YOU SHOULD DO SOMETHING FOR "NEO-DADA STUFF FOR KIDS" HE SAID HE LIKED YOUR STUFF, HE'LL PUT IT IN. TALK TO HIM, HE'S RIGHT OVER THERE!
AHHHHHHHHHH
MMM - O.K.

OH, YEAH. I SAW YOUR STUFF. I AM PRETTY FILLED UP! I'VE GOT TO REPRINT MY FIRST STORY AND YOUR DRAWINGS ARE TOO SKETCHY. YOU SHOULD PUT MORE OF AN EFFORT INTO YOUR ART. I..
LISTEN, COULD YOU JUST BE QUIET. DON'T MAKE ME ANGRY, YOU WOULDN'T LIKE ME WHEN I'M ANGRY.
YOU COULD TIGHTEN UP YOUR FRAMES! HAVE YOU THOUGHT ABOUT GOING OVER ALL YOUR STUFF MAYBE 3 TIMES AND THEN IT MIGHT BE GOOD 'NUFF TO GET IN. BUT WHO KNOWS I PROBABLY DON'T HAVE SPACE.
YOU KNOW YOU ARE A PRETTY GOOD GUITARIST. HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT ABOUT MUSIC AS A JOB? YOU WOULDN'T BLOW A CHANCE LIKE HIM.
HE JUST DOESN'T TRY. I'D LIKE TO BE A SINGER.
GRRRR!!!

CRU
RT
OMIC

MY LIFE!

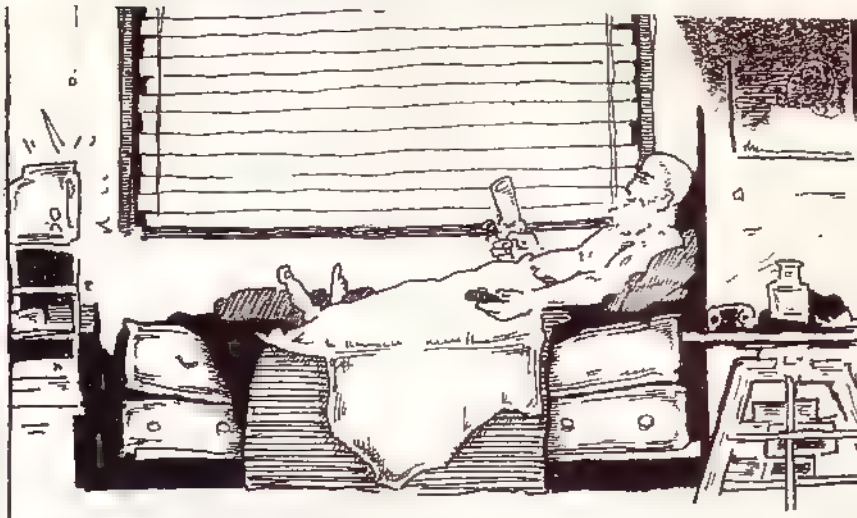
BY TAJ LESAK

UND SEAMUS

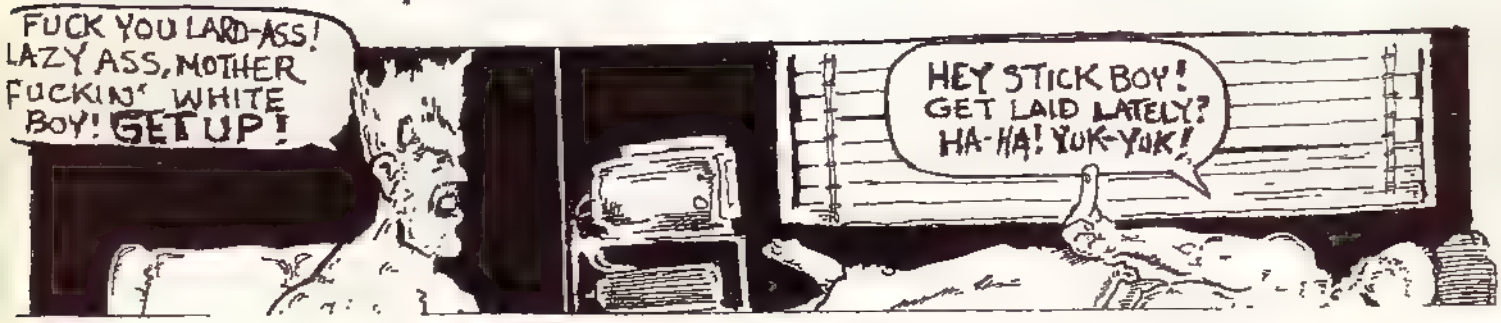
PART 1 "RITUAL SELF ABUSE"

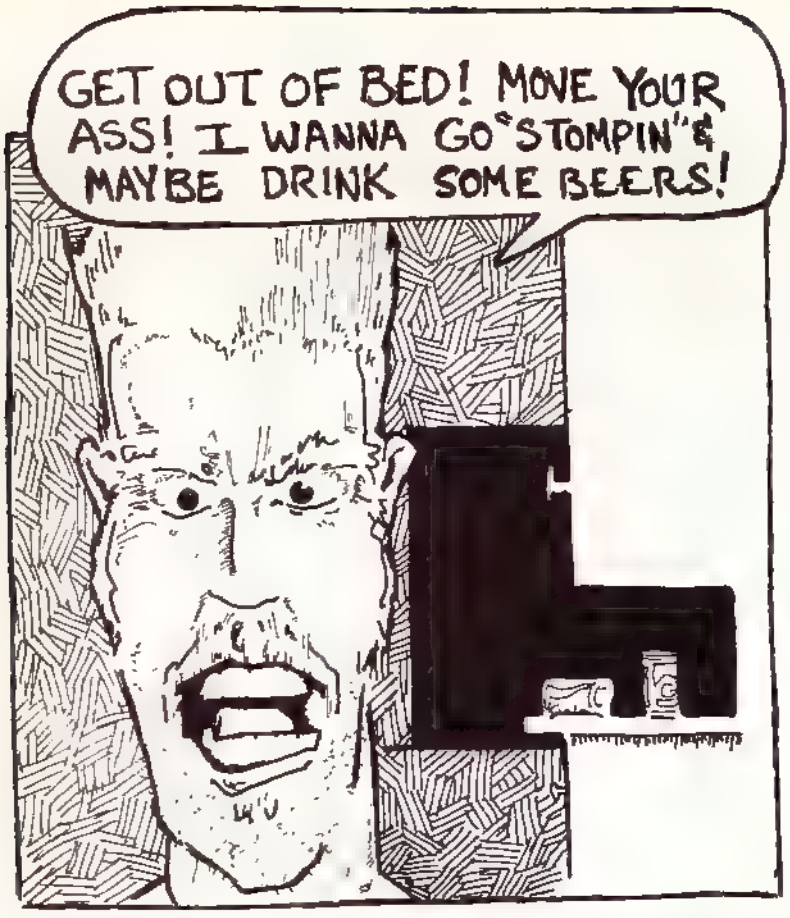
HOME FROM WORK, GOTTA LIFT THEM WEIGHTS SORT OF LIKE RITUAL SELF ABUSE. NO PAIN - NO GAIN. DUH.

MY ROOMMATE JIM IS LYING SEMICONSCIOUS HAVING GOTTEN OUT OF BED ONLY TWICE. OH, THE ROUGH LIFE OF AN "AHTIST."

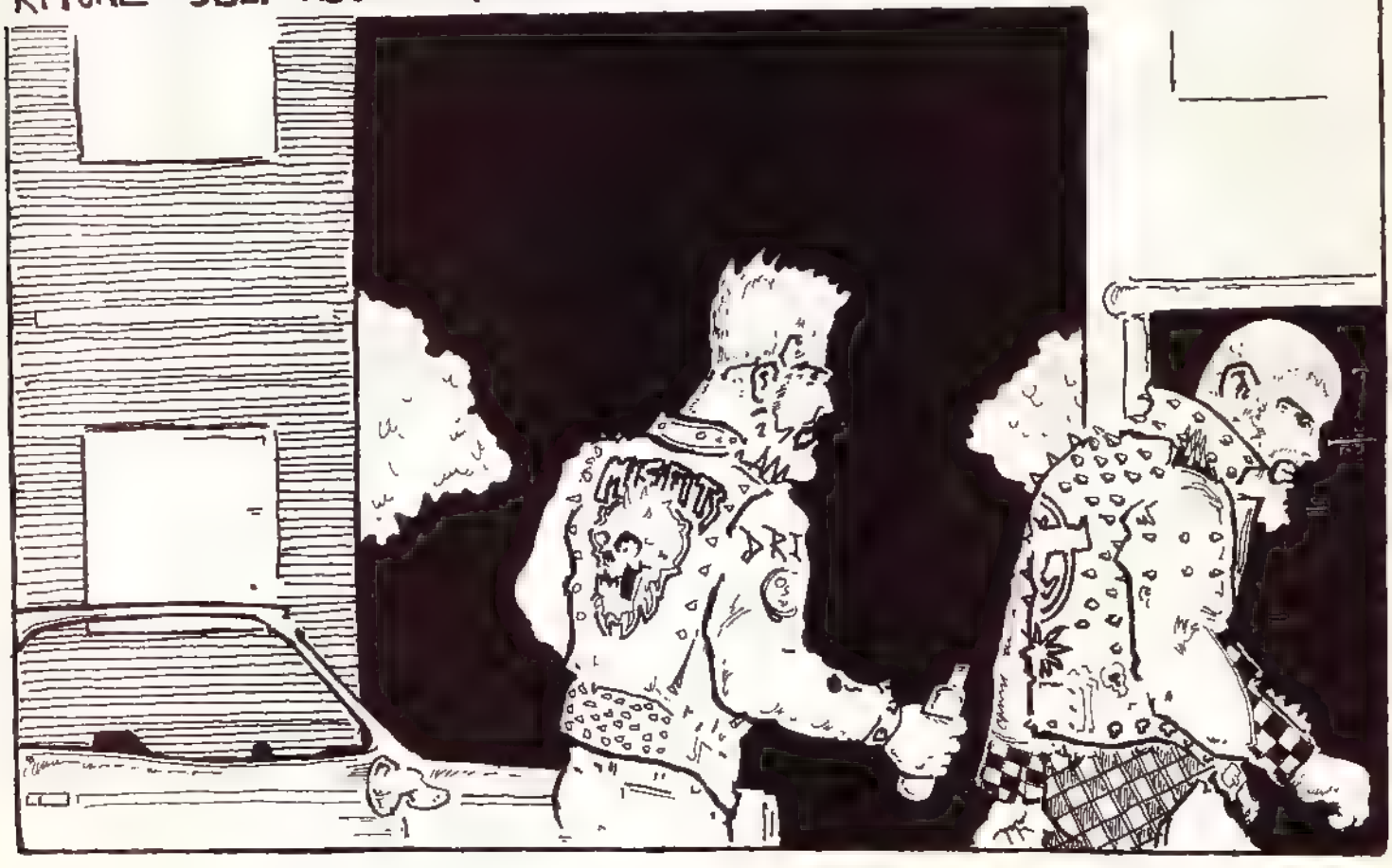


DOWN THE HALLWAY I GO. I ONCE AGAIN GO TO PERFORM A MIRACLE. I WILL MAKE THE DEAD RISE.





THREE HOURS LATER. AND WE ARE READY TO LEAVE ONLY AFTER CONSUMING MUCHO CERVEZA AND EVEN MORE CHIBA. THE LIFE OF RITUAL SELF-ABUSE CONTINUES.



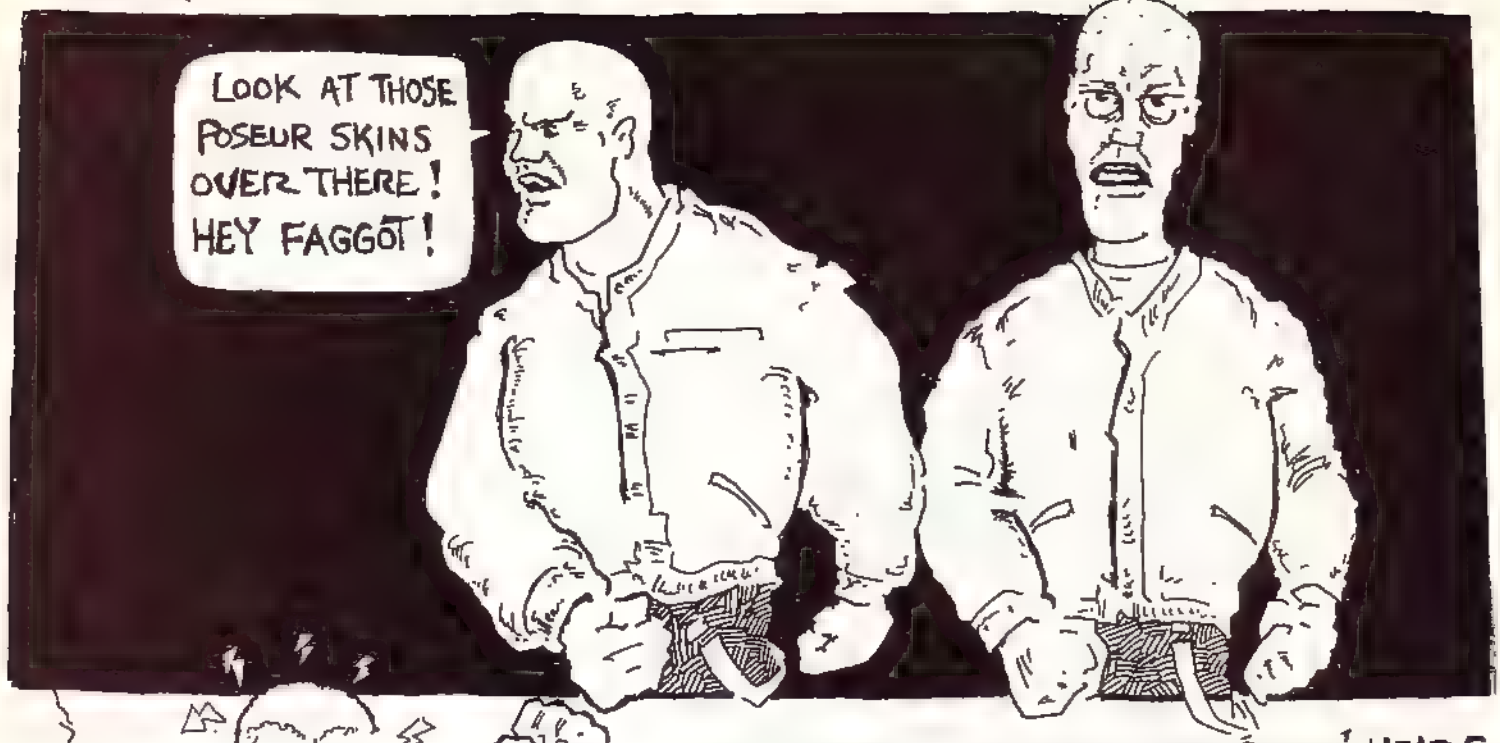
AS USUAL, EVERYONE WANTS A PIECE, AN I AIN'T GOT ENOUGH TO ROUND. SUCKAS, THEY COME A DIME A DOZEN.

YOU WANNA' A PIECE OF ME?! YOU PUNK ASS MOTHERFUCKIN' SKINHEAD-FAGGOT FUCKERS!
COME ON BOIIIEEE! I'LL STOMP A MUDHOLE! IN YOURASS!
RAIDERS
SHUT-UP! JIM DON'T BE AN IDIOT!

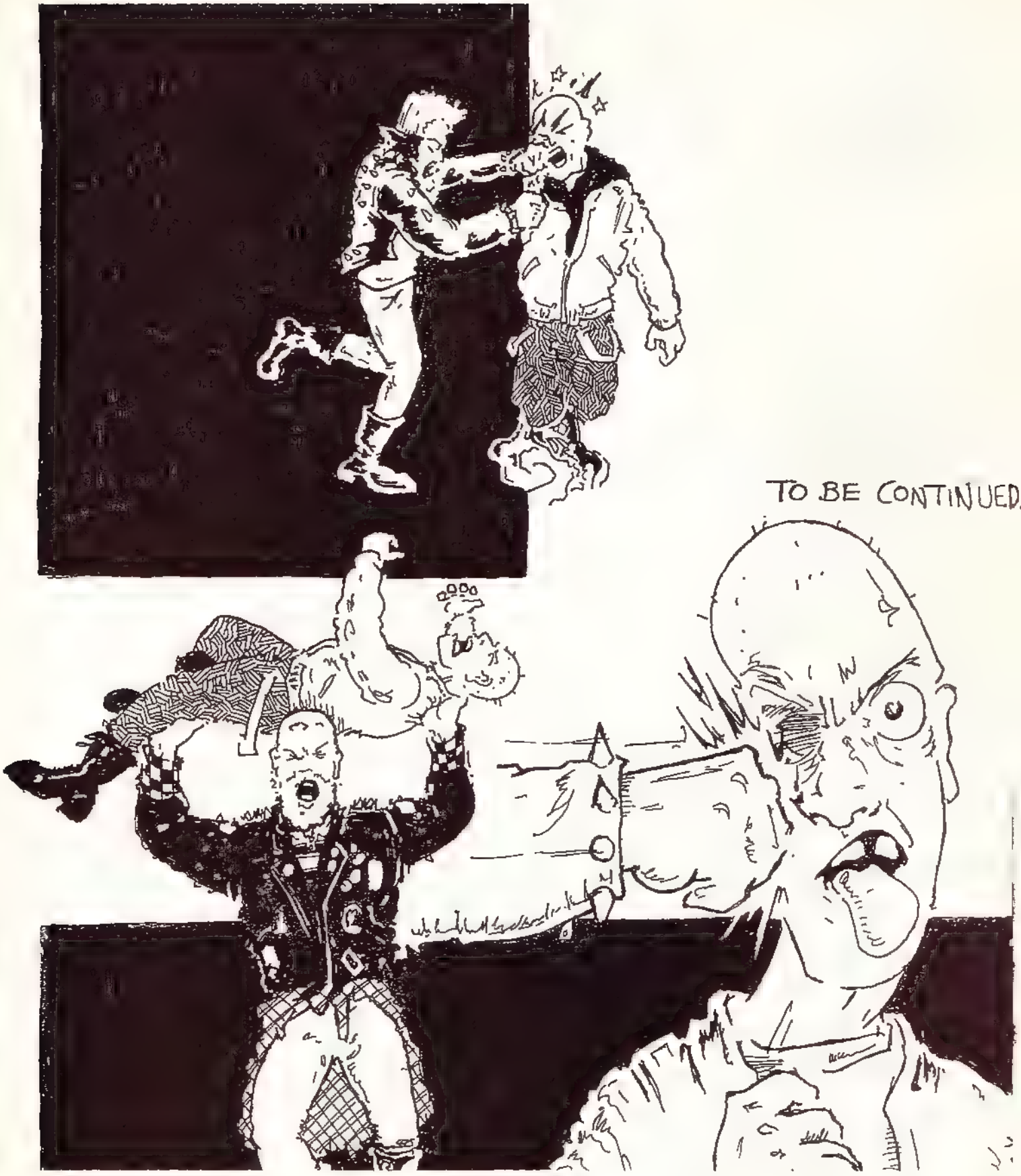
MY FAVORITE STREET IN THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD, HATE STREET.

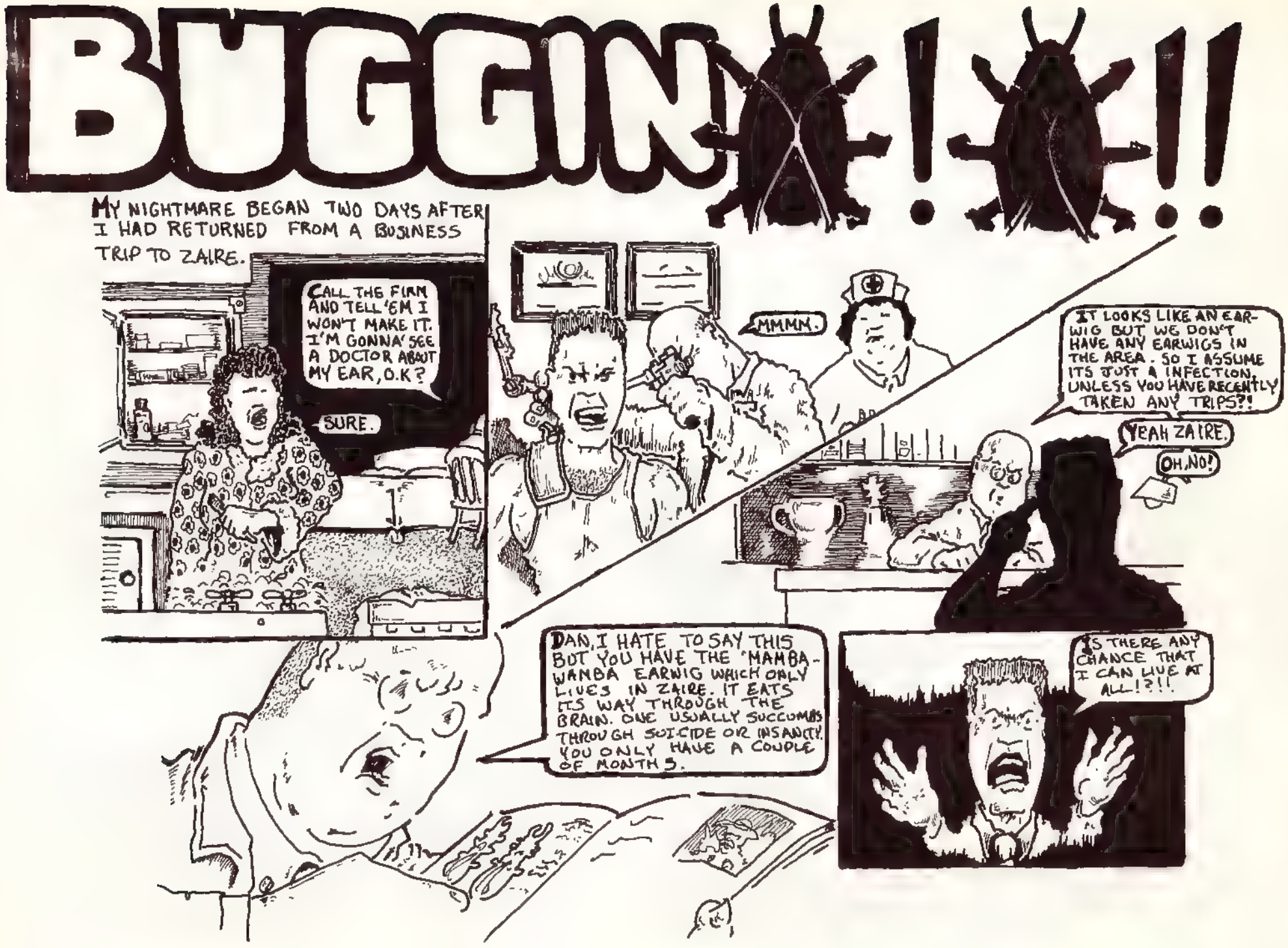
PEOPLE DON'T LIKE US. THEY WHISPER, SNICKER ELITIST COLLEGE BOY BULL SHIT. AND STUPID DYKE CUNTS, WANNA BE A MAN BUT HATE MEN AT THE SAME TIME. MAKES NO SENSE TO ME JUST LIKE FAGS. I'M NOT A BIGOT I JUST HATE EVERYBODY THE SAME.

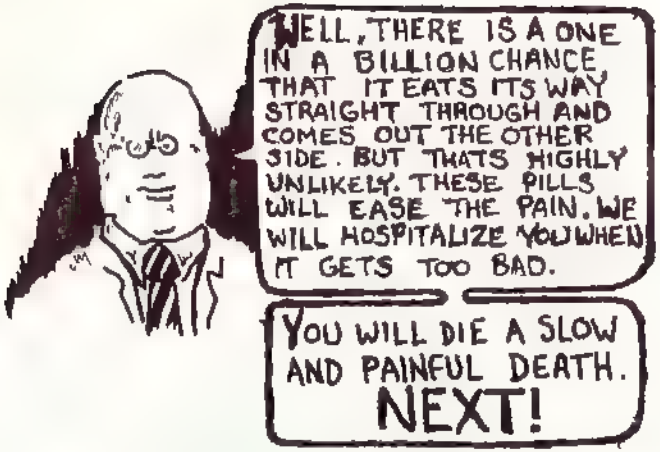
TOUGH GUYS....



SO WE HAD 'TA KICK THE PENIS' HEADS ASS!


TO BE CONTINUED...


BUGGIN!!!
MY NIGHTMARE BEGAN TWO DAYS AFTER I HAD RETURNED FROM A BUSINESS TRIP TO ZAIRE.
CALL THE FIRM AND TELL 'EM I WON'T MAKE IT. I'M GONNA SEE A DOCTOR ABOUT MY EAR, O.K?
SURE.
MMMM.
IT LOOKS LIKE AN EAR-WIG BUT WE DON'T HAVE ANY EARWIGS IN THE AREA. SO I ASSUME ITS JUST A INFECTION. UNLESS YOU HAVE RECENTLY TAKEN ANY TRIPS?!
YEAH ZAIRE.
OH, NO!
DAN, I HATE TO SAY THIS BUT YOU HAVE THE 'MAMBA-WAMBA EARWIG WHICH ONLY LIVES IN ZAIRE. IT EATS ITS WAY THROUGH THE BRAIN. ONE USUALLY SUCCUMBS THROUGH SUICIDE OR INSANITY. YOU ONLY HAVE A COUPLE OF MONTHS.
IS THERE ANY CHANCE THAT I CAN LIVE AT ALL!?!!

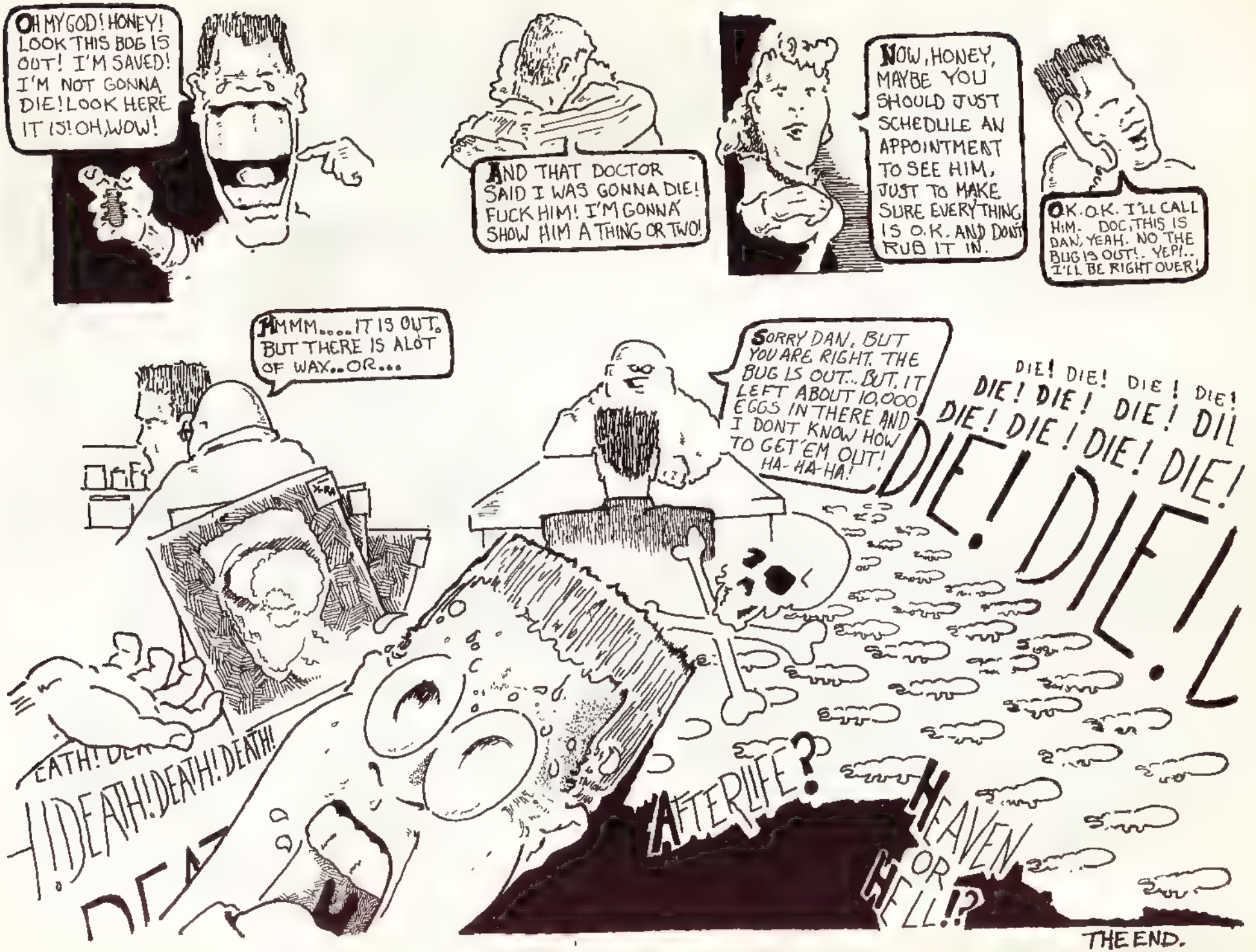

WELL, THERE IS A ONE IN A BILLION CHANCE THAT IT EATS ITS WAY STRAIGHT THROUGH AND COMES OUT THE OTHER SIDE. BUT THATS HIGHLY UNLIKELY. THESE PILLS WILL EASE THE PAIN. WE WILL HOSPITALIZE YOU WHEN IT GETS TOO BAD.
YOU WILL DIE A SLOW AND PAINFUL DEATH. NEXT!

WEEKS OF PAIN GO BY.....
MUNCH!MUNCH!MUNCH!MUNCH!

MUNCH!MUNCH!MUNCH!

MUNCH! MUNCH! MUNCH! MUNCH!

THEN...


OH MY GOD! HONEY! LOOK THIS BOG IS OUT! I'M SAVED! I'M NOT GONNA DIE! LOOK HERE IT IS! OH, WOW!
AND THAT DOCTOR SAID I WAS GONNA DIE! FUCK HIM! I'M GONNA SHOW HIM A THING OR TWO!
NOW, HONEY, MAYBE YOU SHOULD JUST SCHEDULE AN APPOINTMENT TO SEE HIM, JUST TO MAKE SURE EVERYTHING IS O.K. AND DON'T RUB IT IN.
O.K. O.K. I'LL CALL HIM. DOC, THIS IS DAN, YEAH. NO THE BUG IS OUT!. YEP!.. I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!
HMMM.... IT IS OUT. BUT THERE IS ALOT OF WAX.. OR...
SORRY DAN, BUT YOU ARE RIGHT. THE BUG IS OUT.. BUT, IT LEFT ABOUT 10,000 EGGS IN THERE AND I DONT KNOW HOW TO GET 'EM OUT! HA-HA-HA!
DIE! DIE! DIE! DIE! DIE! DIE! DIE! DIE! DIE! DIE!
DEATH! DEATH! DEATH!
AFTERLIFE?
HEAVEN OR HELL!?
THE END.

THE DREAM THAT MADE ME QUIT DEALING THE DEVILS WEED

AFTER A PERIOD OF BEING A STONEMEISTER.....
KILLER SHIT!
THEN ONE NIGHT IT CAME, THE DEALER'S NIGHTMARE. ..I
THERE I WAS ON A DIAL A GRAM
IT WAS WEIRD. I WAS TIED UP, DUDE IT WAS LIKE I WAS AN ALBINO THAI STICK..
WHAT ARE THOSE PEOPLE GABBING ABOUT..?
GAA!
YEAH, DUDE! YOU WON'T BELEIVE THIS SHIT! HERE I'LL GET A LOWER CHUNK.. SAMPLE IT.. ITS BUCKS, BUT WORTH IT.
STOP SQUIRMIN' MAN! ONLY NEED A FOOT OR SUCH AND WE'LL BE HIGH.
THIS ONE'S LOADED, THC IN MASS, L.S.D. CRANK, NICOTINE, ALCOHOL
NO WAY! 'AIN'T GONNA SMOKE ME! HELP!
..MUSHROOMS, MORE! THIS STUFF IS KILLER: WOAH! COUGH! HIT? ACK! ACK! ACK! ACK!
YEA, PRIMO BUT I WANT THE TOPS!
I DON'T KNOW THEY'RE THE BEST....
C'MON...
GROAN!
SLICE
AND THEN I WOKE UP. THE END

JAZZ DUDES

CHET BAKER